

OVID

MASQUERADE.

BEING

A Burlesque upon the *xiith*
Book of His *Metamorphoses*,
containing the Celebrated
SPEECHES of AJAX and
ULYSSES.

Designed for the Entertainment of those who
had rather Laugh and be Merry, than
be Merry and Wise.

Omne Superlatum plenum de peccatis natus, Hoc
All Whims, and quaint Conceits from
From Maggots crawling in the Brain.

By Mr. JOSEPH GAY.

LONDON:

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Price One Shilling.

M C A T T U O S L E

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P R E F A C E.

A Book that ventures into the World at this Time of Day, looks as awkward without a Preface, as a Ratt-catcher upon *Change* without his Badges of Honour, and truly (tho' I say it) a Modern Author has as hard a Time on't, as the Gyants of old, that came into the World almost for nothing else but to be knock'd o'the Head, and to raise the Reputation of some over valiant and victorious Knight Errant; and tho' the old Gyants were stout, sturdy, Steel-chin'd Rogues, some vomiting Fire, others having two or three Heads, some arm'd with Enchanted Swords, and others with Impenetrable Coats of Mail, yet we read of some Knights that would Spit two or three of these Lubbers in a Morning before Breakfast, and no Knight ever receiv'd a Foil, except the re-

P R E F A C E.

down'd *Don Quixot* and that was more by reason of his Mistake, than his want either of Strength or Courage.

The Modern Criticks are as Merciless as the ancient Knights, tho' (by the bye) the Modern Authors are not half so well provided with Armour, and some of these poor Animals have a parlous Fray, with a full half dozen of 'em before he comes off; Many are over-power'd, and forc'd to Sink beneath the Weight; and at best their Faults are so much expos'd to publick view, that they had much better have continued Silent.

But what's all this to the Purpose, some peevish Reader may perhaps say; Why, by shewing the cruelty of our Adversaries, I am pleading my own Cause, I have as much need to cry *Peccavi* as any body, but only 'tis a dishonourable Thing to bawl out for Quarter, before any Enemy appears in view, and besides, I have the advantage of Skulking behind the Scenes, and playing least in Sight, in Time of greatest Danger.

And now Gentle Reader, I might point out several Places in this Poem, that I justly dislike; But the Places that displease me, added to those that may in all probability do the same to you, would without doubt rise to a very Considerable Number, and therefore, I think it best for me not to speak any Thing to it's Disparagement, and if any Body with a safe Conscience can say any good of it, I assure him he's heartily Welcome.

As

P R E F A C E

As for the Subject, perhaps I was unfortunate in chusing this Part of OVID above all others, for in my Mind 'tis much more difficult to keep up the Spirit and Mirth of Burlesque in long uninterrupted set Speeches, such as OVID's, than in most other Parts, (which I have hitherto observ'd) of other Authors.

As for the mentioning Modern Names of Places, &c. As 'tis not a Translation, nor Paraphrase, but only an Imitation, I have the more liberty to deviate from my Author, and if I sometimes leave him, and Reason, Wit and Judgement out of Sight, at the same Time; I doubt not but the Courteous Reader will pardon me in my first Offence of this Kind, I might easily excuse my self (in some measure) by telling the World, that *Pegasus* is too unruly and headstrong for my weak Arm to govern; but only it would presently be retorted back again in way of Answer.

Who the Devil bid you Mount.

So that 'tis e'en best to stand it out. The World knows not who to Fight against. I am hid behind the Curtain, and can have the advantage of *ÆNEAS*'s Cloud in a literal sense, to stand undiscernable and invulnerable, if the Darts and Arrows of ill-dispos'd People, were to fly about my Ears, as thick as Wasps or Hornets about a Countryman's, when he is foraging in their Territories.

As for any Thing besides, that may be objected, I shall not much regard it, It was writ out of a Maggot, when I had little better

P R E F A C E.

better Business to Employ my Time about. I have made old OVID tell divers Things, which probably never once enter'd into his Thoughts, and if ULYSSES and AJAX were to rise up in their Winding Sheets, and read their SPEECHES, it would make them blush as black as King CHARLES's Horse at *Charing-Cross*.

I assure Thee Courteous Reader I have writ till I am heartily weary, and whatever you may think, I consult my own Ease little less than thy Satisfaction, and therefore once for all I bid thee Adieu.

JOSEPH GAY.

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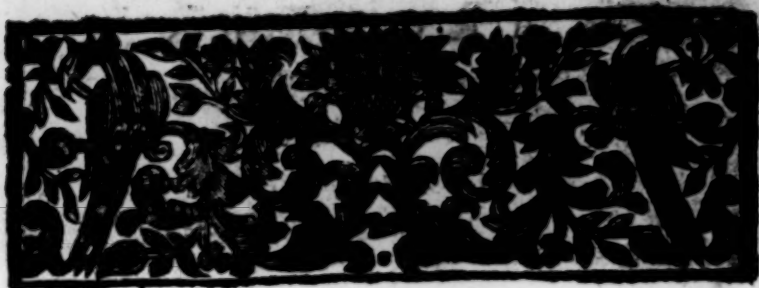
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OVID



O V I D
IN
M A S Q U E R A D E.

The ARGUMENT.

IN Ancient Times the Leacher Paris
Aboard his rotten Trojan Wherries,
With Knights and Captains some Seventeen-a
Skull'd o're directly for Mycæna,
And there (to make my Story short)
Was Nobly entertain'd at Court ;

But like a Villain proud and shameless,
He play'd a trick that shall be Nameless,
By basely taking an Occasion
To slip into the Conversation,
Of th' Oldest, Wither'd Punk i'th' Nation.

What then does th' ugly Toothless Gypsie,
But into Trojan Lighters Whips ye,
And did both Sails and Oars Employ,
To reach the Sandy Coasts of Troy.
Her Cuckold Rants, and Roves, and Mutters,
And Swears, and Stares, and Raves, and Sputters,
And from Coasts distant Jove knows whither,
Call's all his Horned Mates together ;

THE ARGUMENT.

*To her each comes Rowing in his Skull-
-Er to Fight Trojans for the Trull!
Which Paris with a Pox had married,
When her from Grecian Coasts he carried.
Asban and well built Boats and Gallies,
In the Capacious Port of Aulis,
Conspir'd to Trap the Fornicator,
Alive or Dead by Land or Water.*

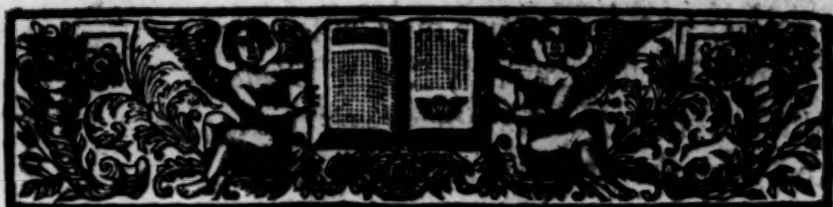
*Thus Europe and all Asia Strove
To fetch the Cuckold Home his Love,
The Centaurs kick'd down Stools, and Benches
And broke their Shins to save their Wenches,
The Romans ventur'd thus their Lives,
And box'd their Fathers for their Wives.*

*The Greeks did Ten long Years employ,
To gain a Country Town call'd Troy;
And many a Lad, and many a Lass,
By turns endur'd a Fatal Pass,
Whilst others, rather than fall Martyrs,
Most Stoutly shew'd their hinder Quarters,
And so procur'd Immortal Glory,
Like Tobit's Hound, in Sacred Story.*

*'Mongst whom the Lathback'd Loon Achilles,
(As ancient Grecian Stories tell us)
Was by his Foes Slic'd all to Fritters,
In middle of his Amorous Twitters.*

*But left his Spurs, and Boots, and Breeches,
To be the Subject of these SPEECHES.*

THE



THE
SPEECHES
OF
 AJAX and ULYSSES.

¹ **T**HE roaring Dons of *Greece* sat down
Like Cross-leg'd Taylors on the Ground,
² Whilst poultry Ragamuffians stand,
With Bodies bow'd, and Caps in Hand :
³ *Ajax*, mean-while, in Fight well skill'd,
When aided with old Basket-hilt,
Like a great Tun, came tumbling thither,
See'ng Folks engag'd by th' Ears together ;
⁴ And rolling round his glaring Saucers,
'Twixt Hawk and Buzzard, bellows, Oh Sirs !

There lye the Cock-boats, Skulls and Lighters,
That fail'd from *Aulis* fill'd wi' Fighters ;

¹ Confedere Duces —————

² ————— Et vulgi stante Corona —————

³ Surgit ad hos Clypei dominus Septemplicis Ajax.

⁴ ————— Sigæia torvo,

Littora prospexit, classemque in littore vultu.

B

I Then

2 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

- 1 Then holding up his gouty Paws,
To *Jove*, he cries, I urge my Cause—
- 2 And shall that cow'rdly Rogue *Ulysses*,
Whose skill in Battles not worth this is,
And with the Fright himself *be-pisses* ;
Shall such a Scoundrel Wretch as he,
In feats of Arms be nam'd wi' me ?
- 3 Who durst not step to stem the Tide,
When *Hector* bang'd us back and side :
And had I not stood up to hinder,
H'had burnt these Boats of ours to Tinder.
- 4 But there's less Danger, he supposes,
In breaking Jest, than bleeding Noses ;
Or he would ne'er pretend to budge else,
At sight of Quarter-staves or Cudgels.
- 5 But tho' I be renown'd in Fight,
Whose Name's enough to make him *Sh---e* ;
- 6 His flatt'ring Speeches oft prevail,
And make me silently turn Tail.
- 7 But there's no need, my merry *Greeks*,
To tell long Stories of my Freaks ;

1 Intendensque manus ; agimus, proh Jupiter ! inquit
Ante rates Causam—

2 ———Et mecum confertur Ulysses ?

3 At non Hectoreis dubitavit cedere flammis,
Quos ego sustinui, quos hac à classe fugavi.

4 Tutius est igitur fictis contendere verbis,
Quam pugnare manu. ———

5 ———Sed nec mihi dicere promptum,
Nec facere est isti : ———

6 ———Tantum valet iste loquendo.

7 Nec memoranda tamen vobis mea facta, Pelasgi,
Esse reor (vidistis enim) ———

B U R L E S Q U ' D.

3

Nox, that black Gypsie, could not screen 'em,
But each Man here full oft has seen 'em,
Or else I'll swear the Devil's in 'em.

3

1 Now let *Ulysses* make a Speech
(And after take't to wipe his Breech)
Of creeping through the *Grecian* Trenches,
And picking up the *Trojan* Wenches,
Till by his oft repeated Knocks,
Unhinging Doors, and picking Locks,
My Spark was pepper'd with a *Pox*.

3

2 I must confess, great Gifts I sought,
But who (the Devil) would have thought,
That such a Scandal to the Donor,
Should be my Rival in this Honour ?

3 If he succeeds, he'll strut like Bustard,
And feed on Cheesecakes, Tarts and Custard,
Regardless of his *quondam* Cheer,
Of Commons short, and four small Beer.

4 Yea, even now he has his Wishes,
(Tho' dull as Afs, and mute as Fish lies.)
When 't shall be said without controul
That He and I walk'd Cheek by Jowl ;
And, tho' he be genteelly beat ; yet,
To such a Scoundrel 'twill be Credit.

1 — Sua narrat Ulysses —

Quæ sine Teste gerit, quorum Nox conscia sola est.

2 Præmia magna peti fateor ; sed demit Honorem
Æmulus Ajaci —

3 — Non est tenuisse superbum
Sit licet hoc Ingens, —

4 — Quicquid speravit Ulysses.

Ipse tulit pretium jam nunc certaminis hujus

Qui cum victus erit, mecum certasse feretur. —

4 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

1 Now Sirs, If any here have thought
 That, or my birth, or breeding's naught,
 Know I am Sprung from the great *Telamon*,
 Who with his double Fist would fell-a-Man :
 Who with *Alcides* Sack'd the *Trojans*,
 A Crew of Cowardly Curmudgeons ;
 Plunder'd their Cellars, Robb'd their Daries,
 And play'd great store of odd Vagaries ;
 Rub'd out their Milk-Scores, Spoil'd all in doors,
 And threw their Houses out at Windows.
 Then with stout *Jason* did he Post
 With swelling Sails from *Grecian Coast*,
 Where, by *Medea's* Art, the Witches
 Did steal away Old *Aeta's* Breeches ;
 And 'Scaping Dragons, Bulls and Dogs,
 They search'd the Linings and the Fobs ;
 And inside outwards turning Pockets ;
 Took Watches, Jewels, Rings, and Locketts ;
 And without e'er a Person Killing,
 Got many a Good *Queen Bess's* Shilling.

Then boasted (at return to *Greece*,)
 By force they'd gain'd the Golden Fleece.
 But all the truth that I could gather ;
 Th' *Young Whore* had Rob'd, th' *Old Rogue*, her Father.

-
- 1 Atque ego, si virtus in me dubitabilis esset,
 Nobilitate potens essem, *Telamone* Creatus :
 Mœnia qui forti *Trojana* sub *Hercule* cepit :
 2 Littoraque intravit *Pegasæa* Colcha carinâ.

Now

Now having made this short Digression,
 My former story straight I'll press on.
 1 My Father's Dad was old *Æac*,
 Who makes the Silent Ghosts to quake,
 2 Great *Jove* was his immortal Sire,
 (Or else our Author was a Liar)
 And therefore (Grandfires) in one Word,
 3 Your Servant is, from *Jove*, the Third.
 4 Yet ne'ertheless, begging your pardon,
 I value not this Race one Farthing,
 Had not *Achilles* been my Brother,
 In feats of Arms just such another.
 5 I therefore now request (with Tears)
 His Sword, Belt, Boots, and Bandaliers,
 6 But shall a Brat of *Sisyph*'s strain,
 That's like his Sire (a Rogue in grain)
 Carry these Trinkets of *Achilles*,
 Into a foreign Land? tell us.

-
- 1 *Æacus huic Pater est: qui jura silentibus umbris,*
Reddit
 - 2 *Æacon agnovit summus, prolemque faterur*
Jupiter esse suam.
 - 3 *— Sic à Jove tertius Ajax.*
 - 4 *Nec tamen hæc series in causam proſſe Achiyi,*
Si mihi cum magnò non fit communis Achille:
Frater erat,
 - 5 *Fraterna peto*
 - 6 *— Quid Sanguine cretus*
Sisyphio? furtisque & fraude similimus illi
Inferis Æacides alienæ nomina gentis?

6 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

1 Or 'cause I first abandon'd dwelling,
To seek adventures, none Compelling ;
Can they in justice be deny'd me,
And giv'n to e'er a Rogue ? beside me.

2 Shall he who last came here with sadness,
Biting his Thumbs, and feigning Madness,
(Till honest *Palamede* Constrain'd him,
And with a Muck-fork almost Brain'd him
Dragg'd him along to *Troy's* Confusion)
Obtain your latest Resolution ?

3 Shall he with Sword, and Buckler Swagger,
With Musket, Bayonet, and Dagger,
Who late his Goad, and Cartwhip way'ring,
Tag, Rag, and Bobtail was belab'ring,
Sowing his Land with Salt, appear,
Arm'd Cap-a-pee like Granadier ?

4 And would he had been Mad. . . 'Ods bores !

5 And ne'er had touch'd the *Trojan* Shores ;

6 Then had not *Paan's* Son behind
To barren *Lemnos* been Confin'd.

1 An quod in arma prior, nulloque sub indice veni,
Arma neganda mihi ?

2 ———Potiorque videbitur ille,
Ultima qui cepit, detrectavitque furore ;
Militiam ficto : donec solertior isto,
Naupliades animi, vitataque traxit ad arma ?

3 Optima nunc sumat, qui sumere nolluit ulla ?

4 Atque utinam verus furor ille ———

5 ———Phrygias nunquam venisset ad arces,

6 ———Non te Pæantia proles,
Expositum Lemnos ———

Nor

Nor mov'd the most obdurate Hearts,
 1 In wishing th' Rogue his due Deserts.
 2 And sure his Prayers will find relief,
 Unless the Devil himself be Deaf;
 3 Bow'd with Diseases, pin'd with Hunger,
 He's forc'd a dismal Life to linger,
 4 Whilst with *Alcides* poison'd Arrows,
 He for his sustenance shoots Sparrows.
 Those that were doom'd to pelt the *Trojans*,
 Shoot Buzzards, Cuckows, Owls and Widgeons,
 Rob'd of his Country's Beef and Bacon,
 Of all his dearest Friends forsaken :
 5 Yet does he live, (tho' Goutify'd)
 Because *Ulysses* wa'nt his Guide ?
 6 Had *Palamede* been left, vile Treason
 Had ne'er unjustly stopt his Weazon ;
 7 Nor had the Rope's remorseless strength
 Stretch'd out his Crag to such a length.
 8 But rubbing up his Mind with Sadness,
 Of's sowing Salt, and feigning Madness,
 And how this stout *Eubaan* flogger
 To make a Hero spoil'd Plow-jogger :

-
- 1 ——— Laertiadaque precaris. Quæ meruit ———
 2 ——— Quæ (si Dii sunt) non vana precaris.
 3 ——— Fractus morboque fameque ———
 4 ——— Sagittæ ——— Herculis utuntur ———
 Velaturque aliturque avibus, volucresque petendo.
 Debita Trojanis exercet spicula fatis.
 5 Ille tamen vivit, quia non comitatur Ulysses.
 6 Vellet & infelix Palamedes esse relictus,
 Viveret ; ——— ——— ———
 7 ——— Aut certè lethum sine Crimine haberet.
 8 Quem male convicti nimium memor iste furoris.
 Prodere rem Danaam finxit, fictumque probavit
 Crimen, ——— ——— ———

He

87 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

He straight Equips a brace o' Villains.
 Sons of the Earth, disgrac'd Postillions,
 (Who for their Hire, and Masters thanks,
 Would Swear, and Lye thro' Six-lach Planks.)
 These vouch'd that once his Guts being limber,
 H'had fold the *Greeks* for Belly-Timber.
 How Bread, and Cheefe, and Eggs and Collops,
 Were brought to's Tent by dirty Trollops;
 How Wings of Geese, and Legs of Capons,
 Were close convey'd under their Aprons;
 Black Puddings Cramm'd into his Breeches,
 So hard as almost Crack'd the Stitches.
 1 And if they went with Spade and Shovel,
 And digg'd behind his little Hovel,
 In an old Churn they'd find good Cheer,
 Hid by this knavish Privateer.
 2 Thus run the *Grecian* Cheifs to ruin
 Whilst he fresh Mischiefs still is brewing,
 By Daggers, Ropes, and Drugs Subdueing.
 3 Thus fights the brave renown'd *Ulysses*,
 His strength and Policy like this is.
 4 But tho' his Wit would match Old *Nestor*,
 (With which he makes this deadly pester.)
 5 Can the grave Crump-back'd Don forsaken,
 When well he might have sav'd his Bacon,
 Be for a badge of Friendship taken :

1 ——— Et ostendit quod jam præfoderat aurum.

2 Ergo aut exilio vires subduxit Achivis,
 Aut nece, ———

3 ——— Sic pugnat, sic est metuendus Ulysses.

4 Qui licet eloquio fidum quoque Nestora vincat.

5 ——— Desertum ut Nestora Crimen

Esse rear nullum : qui cum imploraret Ulyssēm
 Vulnere tardus equi, fessusque senilibus annis,
 Proditus à socio est, ———

His Horse being Lam'd with Thumps, and Knocks;
 His Master Maim'd with Gout, and Pox,
 And Compass'd round, was basely sold
 By this his Bosom Friend for Gold;
 1 These Crimes are known to great Tydides,
 Whose Fame for Chivalry full wide is,
 And how that in the heat of Battle,
 He'ad almost broke his Strings that twattle:
 Well might he bawl out 'Lysses, 'Lysses,
 Was e'er a Coward so swift as this is,
 When Lyon's Skin, and Fox's Tail,
 That is, both Strength, and Craft do fail;
 Then by the lightness of his Crupper,
 He baulk'd the Vermin of a Supper,
 Thus all in hast away he scours,
 Wishing a Pox on his Pursuers;
 2 Until Old Nick (for all his Running)
 Was for his trusty Slave too cunning:
 Whilst him a sturdy Rogue belabours,
 3 He bauls out, dearest Friends, kind Neighbours,
 (Sure never Mortal look'd so silly,)
 Head, Arms, and Legs, Back, Breast and Belly,
 He swore, were beaten to a Jelly;
 4 I ran forthwith, and saw him quaking,
 His very Teeth in's Codpiece shaking,

-
- 1 ——— Non hæc mihi crimina fingi
 Scit bene Tydides : qui nomine læpe vocatum
 Corripuit, trepidoque fugam exprobravit amico.
 2 Aspiciunt oculis superi mortalia justis.
 3 Conclamat socios. ———
 4 ——— Adsum ; videoque trementem,
 Pallentemque metu, & trepidantem ———

To *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES*

The Countenance of this same Varlet,
 Was Pale as Wall, now Red as Scarlet;
 But when the Rogue had brush'd his Jacket,
 (And Faith he did genteely thwack it,)
 I the blind Harper strait trappanning,
 Did save his Hide a second Tanning:
 Thus whilst he's cross'd, and toss'd, and tumbld,
 Till Bones were bruist, and Gizzard grumbld:
 1 Hid with my Jerkin he's as still,
 And full as safe as Thief in Mill;
 2 With that, my Spark I straight uncover,
 When Storms were past, and Dangers over,
 And then a Recompence to make me,
 He fled, and bid the Devil take me.
 3 But lo the roaring *Hector* comes,
 Arm'd with long Mopstaves, Spits, and Brooms,
 Attended with his bully Roysters,
 That soop up *Greeks*, as Men eat Oysters,
 Which horrid, strange, amazing Sight,
 Not only does *Ulysses* fright,
 But stoutest Foes themselves besh—e.
 4 Yet for all's Vapouring, and Brawling
 Of's mighty Feats, I laid him sprawling,
 And when his Partners strove to mad us,
 By hurling Stones, and Brickbats at us,

-
- 1 Opposui molem Clypei, texique jacentem ;
 2 At postquam eripui ; cui standi vulnera vires
 Non dederant, nullo tardatus vulnere fugit.
 3 Hector adest, secumque Deos in praelia ducit,
 Quaque ruit, non tu tantum terreris, Ulyse,
 Sed fortes etiam: —————
 4 Hunc ego poscentem, cum quo concurreret, unus
 Sustinui ; —————

1 With a huge Cowturd straight I fell'd him,
At which his Chums with Tears beheld him.
2 I must confess to th' Gods (my *Grecians*)
I bid you offer your Petitions,
Which made them turn their Tails, and scamper,
Not daring any more to tamper;
Spurring each other on in haste,
And wishing Devil to take the last.

But,

3 When *Paris*, *Deiphobus*, and *Troilus*
With Fire, and Sword, and Clubs do spoil us:
And with all their Auxiliaries,
Attempt to burn the *Grecian* Wherries;
The Fool for all his Eloquence, is,
Ready to run out of his Senses.
4 My valour sav'd your Boats from burning,
The only Hopes of your returning.
And if you my Requests deny,
Burn, Drown or Hang, next time, say I.
5 But if I may relate the Truth,
In presence of the *Grecian* Youth,
These sue to *Ajax* for acceptance,
That by great *Thetis* Son were kept once:

-
- 1 Eminus ingenti resupinum pondere fudi.
2 ——— Sortémque meam vovistis Achivi:
Et vestræ valuere preces. ———
3 Ecce ferunt Troës ferrúmque, ignémque, Jovémque
In Danaas classes. Ubi tunc facundus Ulysses?
4 Nempe ego mille meo protexi pectore puppes,
Spem vestri reditus: date tot pro navibus arma,
5 Quòd si vera licet mihi dicere, quæritur istis,
Quàm mihi, major honos: ———

112 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

- 1 So *Ajax* is by Arms desir'd,
Much more than they by him requir'd.
- 2 If *Rhesus*, *Helenus* and *Dol-*
On, and the Shrine of *Pallas* stole,
By creeping thro' the *Trojan* Gutters,
When ne'er a Foe so much as mutters,
May with these Acts of mine Compare,
Let Bear fight Dog, or Dog fight Bear ;
Hereafter I shall take no care.
- 3 But there one Circumstance beside is,
Nothing is done without *Tydidēs*.
Likewise the fornicating Wight,
Acts all in covert of the Night ;
- 4 And who that worthless Wretch enriches,
Who ha'n't an Inch of P—— in's Breeches,
His better way's in Parts divide 'em,
And give the biggest to *Tydidēs*. Hem !
- 5 For why should he these Arms obtain,
Who Foes does Cowardlike trapan ?
- 6 That very Helm that shines so bright,
Would spoil his secret Tricks by Night,
And shew him plain to *Trojan* Waiters
As Sheet does modern Fornicators.

-
- 1 Atque Ajax armis, non Ajaci arma petuntur.
 - 2 Conferat his Ithacus Rhesum, imbellēque Dolona,
Priamidēque Helenum rapta cum Pallade captum.
 - 3 Luce nihil gestum est, nihil est Diomede remoto.
 - 4 Si semel ista datis meritis tam vilibus arma ;
Dividite : & major pars sit Diomedis in illis.
 - 5 Quò tamen hæc Ithaco ? qui clam, qui semper inermis
Rem gerit ;
 - 6 Ipse minor galeæ claro radiantis ab auro
Insidias proder, manifestabitque latentem.

They'd

They'd suit him best as black as Charcoal
 That's always skulking in a dark Hole;
 1 Nor can this limpsy, Lathback'd Swabber,
 Under so vast a Burthen labour.
 2 His crazy Head, and feeble Arms,
 Can ne'er uphold such massy Arms,
Bevis's Sword, or Guy's of Warwick,
 Might well become a Man that's warlike;
 But basely suit so mean a Fellow,
 As, or *Tom-Thumb*, or *Punchianello*,
 And their great Splendour, in his Rambles,
 Would quite confound his theivish Gambols;
 3 But why, Poor Wretch, would he be seeking
 A Prize that will his Body weaken;
 If the mistaken zeal of *Grecians*
 Sould chance to jump with his Petitions;
 No sooner would a *Trojan* Souldier
 In Battle take him by the Collar;
 Than off goes Helmet, down drops Shield,
 Away runs *Sancho* from the Field.
 4 But if he keep, Sword, Shield, and Capon,
 For fear a further brush should happen;

-
- 1 Sed neque Dulichius sub Achillis Casside vertex
 Pondera tanta feret. —————
 2 ——— Nec, non onerosa, gravisque,
 Pelias esse potest imbellibus hasta lacertis,
 Nec Clypeus vasti coelatus imagine mundi
 Conveniet timida, nataque ad furta sinistra.
 3 Debilitaturum quid te petis, improbe, munus?
 Quod tibi si populi donaverit error Achivi,
 Cur spolieris, erit; non, cur metuaris ab hoste:
 4 Et fuga, (qua sola cunctos, timidissime, vincis.)
 Tarda futura tibi est gestamina tanta trahenti.

14 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

His Heels (his chiefest friends) will fail,
And then, nor Arms, nor Arts prevail;
That weight that presses down his Rump,
While up comes Leg, and down goes Stump:
Will make him be by Foes o'retaken,
When all his Jests won't save his Bacon.
1 Besides his Spear, his Helm, and Shield
Did never yet appear in Field,
2 Mine have endur'd a thousand blows,
From surly Rogues, and Bloody Foes:
And since, Kicks, Cuffs, and Broken Pates,
Are Heroes Portions from the Fates,
These Arms (with *Trojan* Blood imbru'd)
Require with fresh, to be renew'd.

3 Lastly to make an end of Brabbles,
And to prevent all further Squabbles,
Let them be thrown where thickest Foes
And stoutest Troops the Passage Close,
And he that (tho' *Troy's* Sons environ)
Can cut his way thro' with cold Iron,
His Prize may keep, (no mortal Snubbing)
Who Durst so boldly venture Drubbing.

4 Thus ended Speech of *Grecian* Hero,
The valiant Son of old *Rogero*;

1 Adde, quòd iste tuus, tam rarò praelia passus,

Integer est Clypeus: nostro, qui tela ferendo

2 Mille patet plagis, novus est successor habendus.

3 Denique, quid verbis opus est? ———

Arma viri fortis medios mittantur in hostes:

Indè jubete peti, & referentem ornate relatis.

4 Finierat Telamone fatus; ———

1 And ne'er a Dog durst wag his Tail,
 So much did his last Word prevail:
 Until the Bastard of *Laertes*,
 (A Crafty Youth I tell you *Certes*,)
 First lear'd, as if the Ground he ey'd,
 (To see if Hose and Shoes were ty'd)
 Then wiping snotty Snout on Sleeve,
 Begun, (My Masters by your leave,)
 2 Friends, Knights, and Aldermen, d'ye see,
 If my Desires with yours agree,
 We needed not our Bands to ruffle,
 Nor lose our Hats, or Wiggs i'th' Scuffle;
 The great *Achilles* still had liv'd,
 His Breeches, Boots, and Spurs surviv'd;
 And we in Justice might condole
 The hasty Flight of such a Soul,
 Tho' like victorious *Saladine*,
 He only left black Shirt behind.
 3 But since remorseless Fate denies,
 (Then puts his Fingers in his Neyes)
 Who can succeed *Achilles* better
 Than he who 'n spite of Winds and Weather,
 Did with a Vengeance force him hither.

1 ————Vulgique secutum

Ultima murmur erat: donec Laërtius heros
 Adstitit, atque oculos paulum tellure moratos

2 Si mea cum vestris valuissent vota Pelasgi,
 Non foret ambiguus tanti certaminis hæres:
 Túque tuis armis, nos te potiremur, Achille.

3 Quem quoniam non æqua mihi vobisque negarunt
 Fata (manúque simul veluti lacrymantia terfit
 Lumina) quis magno melius succedet Achilli,
 Quàm per quem magnus Danaïs successit Achilles?

181 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

1 Not that he e'er a Farthing matter'd,
 Because his Brains were something shatter'd;
 2 Nor does it rob me of my due,
 Most mighty Sirs, to profit you,
 Since Reason you did ne'er deny
 From such a Loggerhead as I;
 3 And sure these Arguments I muster
 For my most dear departed Master:
 Nay, oftentimes before, for you Sirs,
 Did profit ev'n my worst Accusers;
 And may Squire *Kerch* now stop my Weazon,
 If Pride or Malice sway'd my Reason.

4 My Sire's, or Grandfire's Works well known,
 Are what I shall not call my own,
 Nor should I ever make a Pother,
 Tho' his Forefathers were none other
 Than *Hardicnute*, or *Owen Tudor*.
 5 But since the *Blunderbus* has strove
 To trace his Stock from whoring *Jove*,

-
- 1 Huic modò nè profit, ———
 ———Hebes, esse videtur,
 2 Nève mihi noceat, quod vobis semper, Achivi,
 Profuit ingenium: ———
 3 ———Meaque hæc facundia, siqua est,
 Quæ nunc pro domino, pro vobis sæpe locuta est,
 Invidia careat: ———
 4 Nam Genus, & proavos, & quæ non fecimus ipsi,
 Vix ea nostra voco. ———
 5 ———Sed enim, quia rettulit Ajax
 Esse Jovis pronepos, nostri quoque sanguinis autor
 Jupiter est. ———
 Totidemquæ gradus distamus ab illo.

Know

Know in the very same degree
Jove's Author of our Progeny,
 1 *Laert's* my Sire, *Arceſius* his,
 And *Jove* his utmost Courteſies
 Did into my Great-Grannam pour,
 Like *Danae* in brazen Tower :
 Or elſe I'll ſwear in heat of Ire,
 That ſhe was Whore, or Fame a Lyar.
 2 And none of theſe embrac'd his Doom
 By a ſound jerking of his Bum ;
 Nor from his Woes requir'd an Eaſement,
 By peeping thro' a hempen Caſement.
 3 Beſides, by Mother, I aſſure you,
 I am ally'd to great *Mercury* ;
 So ſure as Ten and Ten make Twenty,
Deus eſt in utroque Parente.
 4 Yet neither do I make this Pother,
 'Cause waggish *Hermes* kn——d my Mother ;
 5 Nor 'cause my grave Old Dad for Gains,
 Did ne'er beat out my Uncles Brains ;
 6 So let the Prize be given to Merit,
 For he that wins a Rope, ſhould wear it.
 7 But *Telamon* and's Brother *Peleus*,
 (A brace of honeſt jolly Fellows)

-
- 1 Nam mihi Laërtes pater eſt, Arceſius illi,
 Jupiter huic ; ——
 2 ——Neq; in his quiſquam damnatus, & exful.
 Eſt quoque per matrem Cyllenius addita nobis
 3 Altera nobilitas. Deus eſt in utroque parente.
 4 Sed neque materno quod ſum generoſior ortu,
 Propoſita arma peto. ——
 5 Nec mihi quod pater eſt fraterni ſanguinis inſons;
 6 ——Meritis expendite cauſam :
 7 Dummodo, quod fratres *Telamon*, *Peleus*que fuerint,
 Ajacis meritum non ſit ; ——

D

Will

Will ne'er do him, nor none of's Brood,
 One single Farthing's-worth of Good :
 1 For he that is with Arms rewarded,
 Must be for Kicks and Thumps regarded.
 2 But if by Valour's understood,
 Next in proximity of Blood,
 This Sire is *Peleus*, that great Don,
 And *Pyrrhus* is his Natural Son ;
 3 So *Ajax* of this mighty Prize,
 May bear away his share in's Eyes.
 4 *Teucer's Achilles* cousin German ;
 Besides a numerous Brood of Vermin,
 Who would no sooner see them lost,
 Than jounce their Tails against a Post ;
 Not one of them was such a Fool,
 As like the wandring Calves of *Hull*,
 T'run nineteen Miles to suck a Bull.
 5 Therefore since *Grecian* Boys declare
 To give 'em the best Cudgel-Player,
 I'll marshal up my Acts in order,
 Without a Bellman, or Recorder ;
 Tho' th' Task is ne'er a whit too narrow,
 For *Newton*, *Archimede*, or *Barrow*.

1 Sed virtutis honor, spoliis quærat in istis.

2 Aut si proximitas, primusque requiritur hæres,
 Est genitor *Peleus*, est *Pyrrhus* filius illi,

3 Quis locus *Ajaci* ? —————

4 Nec minus est isto *Teucer* patrueis *Achilli* :
 Num petit ille tamen. —————

5 Ergo operum quoniam nudum certamen habetur,
 Plura quidem feci, quam quæ comprehendere dictis
 In promptu mihi sit : rerum tamen ordine ducar.

1 *Thetis*, the Ocean's utmost Dweller,
 A noted Country Fortune-Teller,
 Well knowing if her dearest Boy,
 Embark'd in *Grecian* Boats to *Troy*,
 Either by Violence, or Trick,
 Would one Day have his Head to seek.
 What does she but in Hast dispatch
 One that his Waters well might watch,
 With Orders (whatsoever came on it)
 To strip off's Breeches, Shirt, and Bonnet,
 Coat, Jerkin, Pantaloons, and Ruff,
 And whip on Pinders, Hood and Muff;
 And in a trice himself entrench
 In Habit of a Kitchin-Wench:
 So — with Smock, Petticoat, and Gown-a,
 He might deceive all the whole Town-a.
 These done, all Female Airs he gain'd,
 In acting Woman unconstrain'd,
 Only his *Figambob* remain'd.
 With *Lycomede*, in sight of Danger,
 The Lubber liv'd at Rack and Manger;
 Spending his time in Mirth and Laughter,
 With the Old Cuckold's Wife and Daughter.
 For how should he despair of thriving,
 All melancholy Thoughts surviving,
 With Drinking, Banqueting, and _____ ?

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1 *Præscia venturi genitrix Nereia lethi*
Dissimulat cultu natum: _____
_____ Et deceperat omnes,
In quibus Ajacem, sumptæ fallacia vestis.

20 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

1 I then contriv'd, with utmost Joy,
A Plot to hasten him to *Troy* :
So with Cap, Plad, and Pack I trudg'd on,
Hoping to catch him like a Gudgeon ;
Where he in Cott both mean and dirty,
Was play'ng for Pins at *One and Thirty*,
Amongst the doudy Drabs his Doxies,
Where Scabs, and Rags, and Lice, and P----x is.

So shewing Ribbons, and Bone-laces,
To these black Homespun Country Lasses ;
With Needles, Thimbles, Points and Bodkins,
And great variety of Odd Things ;
Which they by tumbling Arms reveal'd,
In middle of my Pack conceal'd.

2 When one with form and shape of Goddess, ?
In Gown and Petticoat and Boddice ;
Neglecting Toys, began to swagger,
On handling Basket-hilt, and Dagger,
Which made me strait, the Cheat discerning,
To give the Whoreson this short Warning.

What Force your Rogue-ship here confines,
3 (Sprung from an Oyster-Wenches Loyns,)
You are enjoyn'd by Heav'nly Powers,
To pull down *Priam's* Past-board Towers :

1 Arma ego fœmineis, animum motura virilem,
Mercibus inferûi : neque adhuc projecerat heros
Virgineos habitus, —————

2 ————— Cùm parmam, hastâmq̃ tenenti

3 Nate dea, dixi, tibi se peritura reservant
Pergama : Quid dubitas ingentem evertere Trojam ?

But if you slight their Voice you mar all,
And brew 'twixt Gods and *Greeks* a Quarrel.

1 I scarce so many Words had said,
But that my Gentleman obey'd ;
Took solemn leave of most that stay'd him,
But bid the Devil take his Madam,
That such a slippery trick had play'd him,
2 His War-like Acts therefore I'll father,
Since (with a Pox) I brought him hither.

Then to begin ;
3 I cut off *Jeffery Goose-crown's* Head,
And when he earnestly did plead,
I set it on again in reeking Blood.
4 *Thebes, Lesbos, Tenedos, and Scyron,*
Whose Coasts sharp-pointed Rocks environ,
Cylla the City of *Apollo,*
And *Chrys,* their hapless Fate did follow.
The Walls of *G*—— so renown'd,
My Hands laid level with the Ground ;
And all the Whores (a mighty Number)
I gave my *Mirmidons* for Plunder.
But lest I seem to preach a Lecture,
5 By this my mighty Arm fell *Hector* ;

1 Injecique manum, fortémque ad fortia misi.

2 Ergò opera illius mea sunt. ———

3 ——— Ego Telephon hastâ
Pugnantem domui: ———

4 Quòd Thebæ cecidère, meum est : Me credite Lesbon,
Et Scyrón cepisse : meâ concussa putate
Procubuisse solo Lyrnessia mœnia dextrâ.

5 ——— Per me jacet inclytus Hec̃tor.

22 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

In Death's cold Chains I made his Neck fast,
Who'd eat a Dozen *Greeks* for Breakfast.

1 The very Arms that *Hector* maul'd,
Were these wherewith the Rogue I gull'd ;
On him, when living, I bestow'd 'em,
A Gift, which for your Sakes, I ow'd him :
Now I require 'em, since as you know,
He's in the footy Realms of *Pluto* ;
Gone where no mortal Flesh can find him,
But's left his crazy Corps behind him.

2 When for one base deceiving Whore,
The Kings of *Greece* began to roar ;
And when a Thousand well-built Gallies,
Launch'd with full Sails from Port of *Aulis*,

3 The spiteful Monarch of the Air,
Either no Winds at all would spare,
Or such as he was sure would cross us,
And Wash, and Dash, and soundly toss us.
Th' illnatur'd, scoundrelly Curmudgeon
Was sure enough in League wth *Trojan*.

4 At last, to ease us of our Cares,
When we were almost past our Prayers,
A Conj'rer did forthwith accost us,
As great with Devil as Doctor *Faustus*.

- 1 Illis hæc armis, quibus est inventus Achilles,
Arma peto : Vivo dederam, post fata reposco.
2 Ut dñlor unius Danaos pervenit ad omnes,
Aulidæque Euboicam complêrunt mille carinæ :
3 Expectata diu, nulla, aut contraria Classi
Flamina sunt, —————
4 ————— Duræque jubent Agamemnona sortes,
Immeritam sævæ natam mactare Dianæ.

Quoth

Quoth he, *Alcides* must arise,
 And offer's Girl in Sacrifice,
 For if you don't appease *Diana*
 With Blood of that same Virgin slain-a,
 You may, like Fools, turn Home again-a.
 1 The Father storms, and swears, Ods bobs !
 And Huffs, and Bounces at the Gods ;
 2 A King to loose his only Darling,
 Must be sufficient Cause of snarling.
 I then some Sugar-Plumbs did reach him,
 And a good honest Lecture preach him ;
 How that with Toil, and Terror mickle,
 His Red-coats were in filthy Pickle ;
 That if he wou'dn't obey the Lot,
 Each Whoreson there must go to Pot.

3 Now must I make this plain Confession,
 And hope he'll pardon my Transgression.
 How hard I was constrain'd to labour
 To force so well-belov'd a Babe here,
 From an old Fornicating Father.
 4 At last his Cuckold Bro' that lov'd him,
 And Countrey's Safety so much mov'd him ;
 That right or wrong, they there did bind him,
 Rather t' appease her that confin'd 'em
 Than leave old Punk-rid *Nell* behind 'em.

-
- 1 Denegat hoc genitor, divisque irascitur ipsis:
 2 Atque in rege tamen pater est. Ego mite Parentis
 Ingenium verbis ad publica commoda verti.
 3 Nunc equidem fateor ; fasque ignoscat Atrides :
 Difficilem tenui sub iniquo iudice Causam.
 4 Hunc tamen utilitas populi, fratéque, —
 ———— Laudem ut cum sanguine penset.

1 Then

24 The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.

1 Then did I to the Mother trudge it,
 With Wiles Good Plenty in my Budget ;
 For Reason's Rules would never win her,
 But plain Deceit, as I'm a Sinner :
 2 And had my boisterous Rival pleaded,
 His dull Harangues had ne'er succeeded ;
 Th' Old Hag had ne'er allow'd the Murther,
 Nor had we stir'd a Hair's-breadth further.
 3 I then was sent with a Defiance,
 Or t' hector *Trojans* to Compliance:
 Where I beheld the lusty Swabbers,
 To exercise all Man-like Labours,
 A Pack of stout Two-handed Fellows,
 Each wishing Combat with *Achilles*.

With that my Whiskers stroking gently,
 Grave Sir, says I, *Festina lente* ;
 Our Guts are not so very limber,
 To seek thus far for Belly-timber :
 4 'Tis to accuse that thievish *Paris*,
 That sail'd from hence in *Trojan* Wherries,
 And to demand the Beef and Bacon,
 Besides the Strumpet he has taken.

1 Mittor & ad matrem ; quæ non hortanda, sed astu
 Decipienda fuit : —————

2 ———— Quod si Telamonius issæt,
 Orba suis essent etiam nunc lintea ventis.

3 Mittor & Iliacas audax orator ad arces,

4 Accusôque Parin, prædámque, Helenámque reposcô,

1 Then *Priam*, *Paris*, and *Antenor*,
 And other Guests that were at Dinner,
 Wiping with Cloaths their Greasy Chaps,
 Take heed, (say they) of After-Claps.
 Then call'd us filthy mangey Lubbers,
 And vow'd we came to rob their Cupboards;
 And (jeering) said, Sirs, if you please,
 Come cram your Boots with Bread and Cheese,
 And carry part to your great Leader,
 The Whey-fac'd, Lanthorn-jaw'd Louse-breeder;
 But at the Tail of your Epistle,
 Tell him, for's Whore he may go whistle.
 Then did a base ill-natur'd Clown
 Crack my Cocks-comb with Basting Spoon,
 2 And that (I speak it void of Anger)
 Was the first Moment of my Danger.

3 But lest I borrow *Blackmore's* stile,
 And spin my Story out a Mile;
 What Deeds my Arts, and Arms have done,
 What Plots descry'd, what Battles won:
 How oft I've broke into their Quarters,
 How often punish'd *Greek* Deserters,
 Would fill more Room than *Fox's* Martyrs.

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- 1 Et moveo Priamum, Priamóque Antenora junctum.
 At Paris & fratres, & qui rapuere sub illo,
 Vix tenuere manus —————
 2 Primáque lux nostri tecum fuit illa pericli.
 3 Longa referre mora est, quæ consilióque, manúque
 Utiliter feci spatiosi tempore belli.

E

1 At

26 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

- 1 At first the Foe withstood our Fury,
But when we'ad Cudgel'd 'em demurely ;
They kept themselves Confin'd in Garrets,
And fed on Cabbage, Beef, and Carrots,
2 Ne'er daring farther to offend us,
Then throwing Pisspots out at Windows :
And when we came too near (like Fools)
They'd Soufe us with their damn'd Close Stools ;
Which fragrant Aromatick matter
Would keep it's Scent a fortnight after.
3 But at the end of Nine full Years,
We fought again like Dogs and Bears,
Lugging each other by the Ears :
4 Yet during this vast long Vacation,
For brawny *Ajax* where's occasion,
Only with feigned Foes he'd Whisk it,
And eat *Atrides* mouldy Bisket.
5 But what (says he) of you does happen ?
Why, Fool I take these Roarers Napping,
Without Shoes, Breeches, Shirt or Cap on
Or keep 'em so Confin'd, that none
Once dares to say his Soul's his own.
6 I reach my Friends some Sugar Plumbs,
When for mere grief they bite their Thumbs ;

1 Post acies primas, urbis se mœnibus hostes

Continuère diu ; —————

2 ——— Nec aperti copia Martis

Ulla fuit : —————

3 ——— Decimo demum pugnavimus anno.

4 Quid facis interea, qui nil nisi prælia nosti ?

Quis tuus usus erat ? —————

5 ——— Nam si mea facta requiris,

Hostibus infidior, fossas munimine cingo,

6 Consolor socios, ut longi tædia belli

Mente ferant placida : —————

And tell 'em that the Toyls of War,
Are what both Great and Small must bear.
1 I'm Sent to Steal fat Hens, and Geese,
For Knights, and Aldermen of *Greece* :
To purchase Sword, and Spear, and Shield,
When theirs have Perish'd in the Field.
2 And then I please the Higher Powers,
By bringing Brace, or Leash of W——s.
3 But now came Messenger from *Jove*,
To warn the Cowardly Shirking Oaf,
With well greas'd Lighters, some Seventeen-a,
To Row directly to *Mycena* :
For that the Gods were much Mistaken,
If ever *Troy* was to be taken.

4 At that stout, wide Mouth'd *Ajax* bawls,
My self will Scale these Paper Walls,
And Spight of Maids and Matrons Tears
Fire each ones House about their Ears;
And th' Town, like great *Drawcanfir* gaining,
Leave neither Friend, nor Foe remaining.
5 Well, let the Hair Brain'd Haughty Fool
Try his Impenetrable Skull.
But why, for all his Protestations,
Does he not Stop the Flight of *Gracians* ?

1 ——— Doceo, quo simus alendi
Armandique modo : ———

2 ——— Mittor quò postulat usus.

3 Ecce ! Jovis monitu deceptus imagine somni
Rex jubet incepti curam dimittere belli.

4 Non sinát hoc Ajax, delendáque Pergama poscat,
Quódque potest pugnet. ———

5 ——— Cur non remoratur ituros ?

Cur non arma capit ? det, quód vaga turba sequatur.

28 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

Why don't he Arm and call aloud,
To rally the retiring Crowd ?
Why don't so Impudent a Bragger,
With Musket, Sword and Buckler, Swagger ?

1 But see, the mighty Champion flying,
His Character (tho' base) belying,
Running reproachfully from Colours.
On Board his Lousie, Rotten Scullars.

2 So without any farther Dodging,
Grave Sirs, says I, where are you trudging ;
3 What dev'lish, stinging Maggots bite you,
To run as if you would besh——e you ?
4 Why from these Shores would you be raking,
When *Troy*, I'll swear, 's three quarters taken ?
5 By scamp'ring homewards, thus to *Greece*,
You may expect Duke *Humphry's* Mefs :
And if this Warning won't prevent you,
You'll every Mothers Son repent you.

6 With these and many such like Speeches,
Which thought of Native Country teaches,
I brought the fearful Rogues once more,
When they had almost launch'd from Shore.

- 1 Quid quod & ipse fugit ? _____
Cum tu terga dares, inhonestaque vela parares.
2 Nec mora, quid facitis ? _____
3 _____ Quæ vos dementia, dixi,
Concitat, _____
4 _____ O sotii, captam dimittere Trojam ?
5 Quidve domum fertis decimo nisi dedecus anno ?
6 Talibus atque aliis, in quæ dolor ipse disertum
Fecerat, aversos profuga de classe reduxi.

- 1 *Atride* and others were partakers,
Whose Troopers every Soul turn'd Quakers.
- 2 But *Ajax* (like a senseless Log)
Had not one Word to throw't a Dog;
- 3 When lazy Hatched-fac'd *Thersites*,
With thundring Language strove to fright us;
- 4 Yet did a quick Revenge pursue him,
For with my double Fist I slew him.
- 5 Then cheering up my Grenadiers,
I made them prick up Leather-Ears,
Speaking with Hoarseness, like Madge-Howlet,
Or Boy with Dish-clout in his Gullet.
- 6 So whatsoever valiant Action,
Was compass'd since this late Distraction,
I justly claim, since from the Wars,
When he (like Coward) turn'd his A---
By force of Reason I confin'd him,
Not to leaye's dearest Friend behind him.

7 Lastly, Who 'mongst the *Græcian* Chieftains,
Does praise, or seek for your Assistance?

-
- 1 Convocat Atrides socios terrore paventes,
 - 2 Nec Telamoniades etiam nunc hiscere quicquam
Audet, _____
 - 3 _____ Et ausus erat reges incessere dictis
Thersites, _____
 - 4 _____ Etiam per me haud impune protervus.
 - 5 _____ Et trepidos cives exhortor in hostes,
Amissamque meâ virtutem voce reposco.
 - 6 Tempore ab hoc quodcunque potest fecisse videri
Fortiter iste, meum est, _____
_____ Qui dantem terga retraxi.
 - 8 Denique de Danais quis te laudâtve, petitive?
At sua Tydides mecum communicat acta :
Me probat, & socio semper confidit Ulyssæ.

But

30 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES,*

But great *Tydidēs*, you may see.
 Puts Trust and Confidence in me ;
 And what a Pleasure 'tis you'd wonder,
 In Love and Unity to plunder.

1 Nor Night, nor *Trojan* Watch affrighting,
 I flew great *Dolon* when a Sh——ng
 The weight of my vast Club he feels,
 When's Breeches were about his Heels,
 But first his Secrets he reveals.

2 How that for all our Care and Watching,
 Great Plots by *Trojans* had been hatching :

3 So now I grop't 'em all (I tell you)
 As well as *Gadbury*, or *Lilly*.

4 Thus being flush'd with fresh successes,
 I spurr'd forthwith to Tent of *Rhesus* ;
 Where my old wonted Strength renewing,
 I catch'd the Rogue, and 's Partners Spewing,
 As drunk as Lords with Sack and Claret,
 Batt'ey, poor Souls, could not forbear it :
 Therefore with Sword and Dagger you know,

I sent them all to Sup with *Pluto* ;

5 And for reward my Paws did fix
 Upon the Younker's Coach and Six,

1 Sed tamen & spreto noctisque hostisque periclo,
 ————— Dolona

Interimo : non antè tamen, quàm cuncta coëgi
 Prodere, —————

2 ———— Et edidici quid perfida Troja pararet.

3 Omnia cognōram, nec quid specularer habebam :

4 Haud contentuseo, petii tentoria Rhesi,
 Inque suis ipsum castris, comitēsque peremi :

5 ————— victor, votisque potitus,
 Ingredior curru lætos imitante triumphos.

BURLESQU'D.

31

In which I seem'd as spruce a fellow,
(The very naked Truth I tell you,)
As *Scanderbeg* or *Punchianello*.

1 I scarce shall mention huge *Sarpedon*,
Which my *Bucephalus* did tread on,

2 *Ceraunes*, *Iphitad*, *Alastor*,
Besides a num'rous train of Bastards,
Pritanis, *Halius*, *Noemon*,

And *Charope*, who fought like Women :

3 Likewise a brace of Scores less famous,
Which *Ovid* has forgot to name us,
Under the Mudwalls of this Burrough,
Drew their last Gasping Breath wi' Sorrow.

4 Iv'e Bruises, Kicks, and Noble Scars,
Procur'd in *Mars*, Not *Venus*, wars,

5 And tho' I ne'er was us'd to lying,
(Old Nick and all his Wiles defying)

6 Unveiling Coat and Shirt, and Jacket,
You'll be convinc'd how I've been thwacked,
And if my B——h was but uncover'd,
You'd grieve to see what Nock has Suffer'd.

1 Quid Lycii referam Sarpedonis agmina ferro
Devastata meo ?———

2 ———Cum multo sanguine fudi
Cæranon, Iphitidénque, Alastoráque, Chromiúmque ;

3 Quique minús celebres nostræ sub mœnibus urbis
Procubuère manu.———

4 ———Sunt & mihi vulnera, cives,
Ipso pulchra loco ;———

5 ———Nec vanis credite verbis :

6 Aspicite en ! (vestémque manu diduxit) & hæc sunt
Pectora semper, ait, vestris exercira rebus.

1 But

32 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

1 But what has the grave Son of *Tela-*
mon done for e'er a *Grecian* fellow ?
 If of his Blood h'as Spent good Store,
 'Thas been in quarrels for a Whore,
 Only his Frock is something tatter'd,
 And Rump for want of Heels is batter'd ;
 2 Or else his Carcass is as found,
 As when he Stept on *Trojan* Ground.
 3 But what avails his tittle tattle,
 That he made Foes and *Jove* to rattle,
 To save the *Grecian* Fleet in Battle ?
 True merit I shall ever prize,
 4 But th' Rogue has told much bigger Lyes,
 5 For he with two 'r three thousand more,
 Repell'd the *Trojans* from the Shore,
 They with long Dog-whips, Clods, and Stones
 Were arm'd Compleatly for the nonce ;
 But dangers Common Souldiers Share,
 Whilst Glory's Snatch'd by Brigadeer.
 6 *Patroclus* in *Achillis'* Arms,
 Thinking to keep his Men from Harms,
 (A Youth to Noble acts aspiring)
 Did save our Mackrell Boats from firing ;

1 At nihil impendit per tot Telamonius annos
 Sanguinis in socios : —————

2 ————— Et habet sine vulnere corpus.

3 Quid tamen hoc refert, si se pro classe Pelasgâ
 Arma tulisse refert contra Troâsque Jovémque ?

4 Confiteorque tulit : —————

5 ————— modo ne communia solus

Occupet, atque aliquem nobis quoque reddet honorem.

6 Reppulit Actorides sub imagine tutus Achillis
 Troas ab arsuris cum defensore carinis.

Although

Although they did no more become
 Him, than a Truncheson would *Tom Thumb*.
 He look'd as odd embark'd in these,
 As Mouse entrench'd in *Cheshire Cheese*;
 Nor made a better Shew within,
 Than *Aesop's Afs* in *Lyon's Skin*.

1 Yet does this Impudent Commander
 (Thinking himself an *Alexander*,)
 With *Hector* venture to Contend,
 And all his Countrymen defend;
 Forgetting me, and Cousin *Sthenelus*,
 As if we'd each of us been Penny less.

Thus Ape, in Scarlet-Cloke, or Yellow,
 Fancies himself a gallant Fellow:
 2 So for all this brave Champion's trapping,
 No mighty Accident did happen.
Hector did all our Troops out-brave,
 And hack'd, and slic'd 'em like a Knave;
 Then boldly Swaggering and Strutting,
 After he had been Collar-cutting,
 With Sword in hand he homewards went,
 When *Greeks* were thrash'd to Heart's content.
 3 Woes me! how Grief my Gutts perplex'd,
 How I like any Dog was vex'd!

-
- 1 Ausum etiam Hectoreis solum concurrere telis
 Se putat, oblitus regisque, ducisque, meique,
 2 Sed tamen eventus vestrae, fortissime, pugnae
 Quis fuit? Hector abit violatus vulnere nullo.
 3 Me miserum! Quanto cogor meminisse dolore
 Temporis illius, quo Graium murus Achilles
 Procubuit! —————

34 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

When first I heard the sad disaster,
Of my poor dear departed Master;
Whom *Paris*, and the *Trojan* Louts,
Kill'd basely pulling on his Boots,
Or else their dull unpointed Steel,
Could ne'er have pierc'd his tender Heel.

1 But neither Grief, nor Wind, nor Weather,
Nor forty Dangers more together,
Scar'd me so much, but that I crep't,
(When all the Watchmen snor'd, and Slep't)
And Stole the Corps of great *Achilles*,

As Witches, Traytors from the Gallows,
And hoisting him on these broad Shoulders,
In spite of drouse Snoring Souldiers;

2 The weight of Carcass, Spear and Shield,
Buff-Coat, and Belt; and Boots I wield',
On Brawny Shoulders from the Field.

3 If Strength cannot sustain this Burthen,
May I be ever deem'd a Lurdane.

4 And if you still deny your Votes,
May they like Dish-clouts Stop your Throats,
And quite confound your squeaking Notes.

1 ——— Nec me lacrymæ, luctûspûe timórquæ
Tardârunt, quin corpus humo sublime referrem
His humeris: ———

2 ——— His, inquam, humeris ego corpus Achillis,
Et simul arma tuli, quæ nunc quoque ferre laboro.

3 Sunt mihi, quæ valeant in talia pondera, vires:

4 Est animus certè vestròs sensurus honores.

1 The Whey-fac'd Goddeſs of the Ocean,
Still wiſh'd her Baſtard-Son Promotion,
And Jealous that ſome brawny Fool
That ha'n't a Louſe's brain in's Soul,
Should proudly Strut in Cap and Feather,
And all Accoutrements together;
That Arms by th' Heavenly Blackſmith wrought,
Should be diſgrac'd by ſuch a Sott,
And painted by th' unwearied Labour
Of a Celeſtial Sign Poſt-dauber.

2 There's Earth and Seas, and Stars i'th' Sky,
All Fiſh that run, and Beaſts that fly,
And *Pleiades*, and *Hyades*,
Two wholeſale Grocers in the Seas;
Then *Arctos* quickly follows after,
A freeborn Subject of the Water;

3 Then divers large well peopl'd Towns,
Like thoſe that ſtand on *Banſtead* Downs;
And pretty Hamlets in the Main
Like thoſe on *Salſbury's* ample Plain;

4 The flaming Tilter of *Orion*
Stung by a Venemous Scorpion;
Beſides the Heav'nly Shock that bites,
And Mortal houſholders affrights
With Baw-waw-waw in Moon ſhine Nights.

1 Scilicet idcirco pronato cærule mater
Ambitioſa ſuo fuit, ut cœleſtia dona,
Artis opus tantæ, rudis, & ſine pectore miles
Indueret? —————

2 Oceanum, & terras, cùmque alto ſydera cœlo,
Pleiadæſque, *Hyadæſque*; immunémque æquoris *Arcton*,

3 *Diverſaſque* urbes, —————

4 ————— *Nitidúmque* *Orionis* enſem.

46 The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.

1 All these the Loggerhead demands,
To stain with his polluted Hands,
Whose Characters must monstrous be
To one who knows not A : B : C
Paintings seems dull, and Gravings vain,
When Heads are destitute of Brain.

2 *Ajax* sums up his mighty Deeds,
How he went first to Loggerheads ;
And reckons it a plaguy hard Case,
For him to venture thus his Carcass ;
And to encrease the solemn Farce,
Swears how *Ulysses* hung an Arse.

3 Ne'er once consulting how *Achilles*,
Was one of these same dronish Fellows.

4 And if feign'd Frenzie make me faulty,
Know, he as well as I was guilty ;

5 If my delay be judg'd a Crime,
I came to *Troy* in pudding time.

6 Th' young Whore *Penelope* detain'd me,
And straight to sowing Salt constrain'd me.

7 Whilst *'Chilles* made as great a Pother,
Being forc'd to Spin, and this and t'other,
By the Old Wither'd Hag his Mother.

}
}

1 Postulat ut capiat, quæ non intelligit, arma.

2 Quid, quod me duri fugientem munera belli
Arguit incepto serum accessisse labori ?

3 Nec se magnanimo maledicere sentit Achilli ?

4 Si simulâsse vocas crimen ; simulavimus ambo :

5 Si mora pro culpa est ; ego sum maturior illo

6 Me pia detinuit conjux ; ————

7 ———— Pia mater Achillem :

1 I shall not in my Harness tremble,
Nor once my seeming Faults dissemble,
Since with *Achilles* they're so common,
Who dress'd himself in douds of Woman.
2 Yet by the S—— I caught this Madam,
When they from *Troy* long time had stay'd him.

3 But had my Rival posted thither,
When I Yok'd Ox and Ass together,
With Clods, or Stones, I'd lay'd him sprawling,
And spoil'd his future Caterwauling.
4 I need not value these Reproaches,
Since on your Worships he encroaches,
5 His Sland'ring Tongue cries filthy Whoreson,
Without respect to Place or Person.

6 That 't should be an Inhuman deed,
Of my accusing *Palamede*,
And then your Condemnation just,
Is what my Reason must distrust.

- 1 Haud timeo, si jam nequeam defendere crimen
Cum tanto commune viro : ———
2 ——— Deprensus Ulyssis
Ingenio tamen ille ; ———
3 ——— At non Ajacis Ulysses.
4 Néve in me stolidæ convitia fundere linguae
Admiremur eum : ———
5 ——— Vobis quoque digna pudore
Objicit. ———
6 ——— An falso Palamedem crimine turpe est
Accusasse mihi ? ———
——— Vobis damnâsse decorum ?

1 But

38 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

1 But he himself had not the Face,
To plead in such a wretched Case;
Your Lordship's Eyes beheld what Hire
He had to set our Tents on fire,
To run aground, and burn our Wherries,
And send our Men to *Stygian* Ferries.

2 Nor can I well conceive my self
T'be such a stingy cross-grain'd Elf,
To coop up *Pæan's* Son so famous,
In *Lemnos*, *Negropont*, or *Samos* :
You may this Knotty Case determine,
And crop the Ears of such base Vermin.

3 Since all did absolutely Swear
He ne'er should find a Landing here,
I did perswade him to unravel,
His Mind from Thoughts of War and Travel,
And that with thund'ring Thumps, and good Knocks,
He might get Thrushes, Snipes, and Woodcocks.
And now he lives (or I'm mistaken)
On Cheesecakes, Custards, Veal and Bacon.
Half free'd (to speak the naked truth)
From Gouts, and Clapps attain'd in Youth,

1 Sed neque Naupliades facinus defendere tantum,
Tamque patens valuit : ———

———Vidistis, pretio quæ objecta patebant.

2 Nec, Pœantiaden quod habet Vulcania Lemnos,
Esse reus merni, ———

3 Consensistis enim : nec me suasisse negabo,
Ut se subtraheret bellicæ viæque labori,
Tentaræque feros requie lenire dolores.

1 My late Advice has faithful been,
Since now he Sleeps in a whole Skin,
Without a Foe (poor thing !) to trouble it,
And not one Pink-hole in his Doublet.

2 But since the Gods above contrive
That he must to these Shores arrive,
And bring his Quiver, Shafts, and Boots,
To help to pull up *Troy* by th' Roots.

3 Let *Telamon's* stout Son ride Post,
To fetch the Cuckold we had lost ;
His pleasant Language will invite him,
And Tropes and Similies delight him ;
Although he lay confin'd alone
With racking Pains of Gout, or Stone,
Or will his Crafty Tricks beguile him,
To leave that Place, and Post to *Illium*.

4 But *Trent*, and *Severn* shall run back,
And fresh Supplies from Fountains lack ;
Or *Sol* (our mortal labours Scorning)
Lye a bed and Snore 'till Ten i'th' Morning :
Or Nymphs and Fauns forsake their Fountains
Or Whales fly o're the tops of Mountains,

1 — Non hæc sententia tantùm est

Fida, sed, & felix cùm sit, facit esse fidelem.

2 Quem quoniam vates delenda ad Pergama poscunt,

3 — Melius *Telamonius* ibit,

Eloquiòque virum, morbisque, irâque furentem
Molliet, aut aliqua perducet callidus arte.

4 Antè retrò *Simois* fluet, & sine frondibus *Ide*
Stabit, & auxilium promittet *Achaia Trojæ*,

40: *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

Or *Trojan* Foes abate the Fury ;
 Or Lovers trust the Nymphs of *Drury* ;
 1 E'er my best Wishes shall be lacking
 To send these *Trojan* Rogues a packing ;
 Or *Ajax's* maggot-eaten Brains,
 Bring you one single Farthing Gains.
 2 Because poor *Philoctet*'d did perjure him,
 He smells not half so sweet as *Marjaram* ;
 But by some dismal plague, or Murrain,
 His Gangreen'd Leg stinks worse than Carrion,
 Which will offend, our Mincing Whores,
 And make 'em scamper hence by Scores.

3 But, my dear Friend, tho' you should tear,
 And roar, and hector, rant and swear,
 And bounce like Horse of my Lord Mayor.
 And tho' you should be so uncivil,
 To wish your Bosom Friend with th' Devil ;
 Or that my Neck a Noose might Stretch,
 From Hands of Rascally *Jack Ketch*,
 4 Or that I might by Lot be given,
 To mitigate the wrath of Heaven ;
 5 Or else be burn'd, or drown'd o'th' Sudden,
 Or drop, and give the Crows a Pudden.

-
- 1 Quàm cessante meo pro vestris pectore rebus
 Ajacis stolidi Danaïs solertia profit.
 2 Sis licet infestus sociis, regique, mihi que,
 Dure Philoctete, _____
 3 _____ Licet execrere, meumque
 Devoveas sine fine caput, _____
 4 _____ Cupiasque dolenti
 Me tibi fortè dari, _____
 5 _____ Nostrumque haurire cruorem,

1 Yet will I strive t' appease your Fury,
And beg th' Assistance of *Mercury*,
To fetch you thence, tho' *Greeks* should think me
A Fool: or tho' to Death you stink me.

2 Then shall I bring your Shafts and Quiver,
To jerk these Traytors thro' the Liver,

3 As sure as I trappan'd the Wizzard,
In darkest Night, by help of Vizard,

4 Or read th' appointed Destiny,
Concerning our return from *Troy*,

5 Or Stole the Shrine of Chast *Minerva*,
Troum comitante Caterva.

6 And shall that proud Swash-Buckler be,
In feats of Arms compar'd wi' me?

7 *Troy* was to fall at Ten years distance,
Without the Scoundrels least Assistance.

8 Where are his brave heroick Deeds?
When he his num'rous Chieftains leads;

9 But above all where are his Huffs,
Of broken Shins, and bloody Cuffs?

10 Is he affraid that all's not well?
And like a Snail creeps into's Shell?

-
- 1 Te tamen aggrediar, mecúmque reducere nitar,
2 Támque tuis potiar (faveat fortuna) sagittis,
3 Quám sum Dardanio, quem cepi, vate potitus;
4 Quám responsa deúm, Trojanáque fata retexi;
5 Quám rapui Phrygiæ signum penetrabile Minervæ
Hostibus è mediis. ———
6 ——— Et se mihi comparat Ajax?
7 Nempe capi Trojam prohibebant fata sine illo.
8 Fortis ubi est Ajax? ———
9 ——— Ubi sunt ingentia magni
Verba viri? ———
10 ——— Cur hic metuit?

G

1 And

42 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

- 1 And do not I without a Fright
Of Rakehell, Goblin, Witch, or Spright,
Commit my self to darkeſt Night ?
- 2 Thro' Hazards ſtrange, and Dangers dire,
Of Battle, Water, Sword, and Fire,
- 3 Enter into *Troy's* higheſt Stories,
In ſight of either *Whiggs* or *Tories*,
And from their Cupboards with great Eaſe,
Convey Brown Georges, Cakes and Cheeſe ?
- 4 At laſt the long ſought Prize I found,
In an old Hog- trough under Ground;
And brought it off, thro' Fire and Smoak,
Under my old grey ruſſet Cloak,
- 5 Which act if I had not perform'd,
In vain you *Troy's* high Walls had Storm'd,
In vain would *Ajax* proudly wield
His Baskett-hilt, and ruſty Shield.
- 6 That very night did *Troy* o're power,
And batter'd down each Gate and Tower;
Becauſe juſt then I ſtole their Goddeſs,
From Crew of droniſh ſleepy Noddies,
- 7 Ceafe therefore to compare *Tydides*
Wi' me, although his Fame full wide is ;

1 ——— Cur audet Ulyſſes

- Ire per excubias, & ſe committere nocti ?
- 2 Pérque feros enſes, non tantùm mœnia Trojæ,
3 Verùm etiam ſummas arces intrare, ſuâque
4 Eripere æde Deam, raptâque efferre per hoſtes ?
- 5 Quæ niſi feciſſem, fruſtra Telamone creatus
Geſtâſſet læva taurorum tergora ſeptem.
- 6 Illa nocte mihi Trojæ victoria parta eſt :
Pergama tunc vici, cùm vinci poſſe coëgi.
- 7 Deſine Tydiden vultûque & murmure nobis
Oſtentare meum : ———

His

His Strength great Warriours has o'recome,
 But Skull's as empty as a Drum :
 And then my weary Nights and Days,
 May justly claim the greatest Praise.

1 When *Ajax* view'd the Fleet on fire,
 His Fame did n't mount a Hair's breadth higher,
 A num'rous Rabble did attend him,
 From Stones and Catsticks to defend him,
 But of all my Heroick Acts,
 None but *Tidy*^d comes in for Snacks ;
 2 Which if he had not known his want,
 And how't a Pinch his Witts were scant ;
 To my all conquering Arm most surely,
 He ne'er had yielded so demurely.

3 A milder *Ajax* might have sought
 These Trinkets which old *Vulcan* wrought ;
 4 *Andremon*'s Son, and fierce *Euripyl*^r,
 Whom Gouts and Pox had made a Cripple ;
 5 *Idomeneus*, besides a Dozen,
 And *Agamemnon*'s Cater-Cousin ;
 6 All old in Battles, skill'd in Warrs,
 And fam'd for hardiness and Scarrs,
 Yet mov'd their Bonnets to my Wit,
 And look'd as blank, as if besh——.

-
- 1 Nec tu, cum socia clypeum pro classe tenebas,
 Solus eras ; tibi turba comes : mihi contigit unus,
 2 Qui, nisi pugnacem sciret sapiente minorem
 Esse, nec indomitæ deberi præmia dextræ,
 3 Ipse quoque hæc peteret ; peteret moderatior Ajax,
 4 Eurypylusque ferrox, claroque Andremonæ natus ;
 5 Nec minus Idomeneus ; —————
 ————— peteret majoris frater Atride :
 6 Quippe manu fortes, nec sunt tibi Marte secundi,
 Consiliis cessere meis. —————

44 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

1 The only good that he can do,
 'S to quench a Cannon-ball, or so.
 2 His massie Bulk no Couquest gains,
 Whose Head such Cavities contains,
 Without a Thimble-full of Brains.
 He's fit indeed in Arms to clatter,
 That can't keep clear from Fire and Water,
 3 In short, he's need of my protection,
 To fight, or flee, by my direction :
 Since great *Atride* (in me delighting)
 Takes my appointed Times for fighting,
 4 He 'mongst dull Animals may pass,
 Whose Wit, and bulk come near an Ass ;
 But my great Parts all Arts commencing,
 As Camping, Stoolball, Quoits, and Fencing,
 Excel old Dotards o'er and o'er,
 As much as Steerer does the Rower.

Nine Taylors, Antients do maintain,
 Do go to make a proper Man ;
 But ninety dozen Fools 'an't fit,
 If joyn'd, to make a Man of Wit.

-
- 1 ——— Tibi dextera bello
 Utilis : ingenium est, quod eget moderamine nostro.
 2 Tu vires sine mente geris : ———
 3 Tu pugnare potes : pugnandi tempora tecum
 Eligit Atrides. ———
 4 Tu tantum corpore prodes ;
 Nos animo : ———
 ——— Quamtoque ratem qui temperat anteit
 Remigis officium ; ———
 Tantum ego te supero. ———

1 In Councils Wise, in Fight I'm Hardy,
 Nor was I ever taken tardy ;
 My Mind, and Limbs alike prevail,
 To make our Bloody Foes turn Tail :
 To keep great Hector at a distance,
 And Maul the rest without resistance.
 But now my Story's almost ended,
 To which with Patience you've attended :
 2 Whom should such noble Gifts reward,
 But him that's your most Faithful Guard ?
 Who for so many Years depending,
 Has been your Corps, and Cause defending :
 Employ'd his utmost Skill to ease you,
 And run thro' thick and thin to please you.
 3 Therefore (without a long Preamble
 Of such as for these Arms may Scramble)
 Since I did in one Night obtain,
 What Ten long Winters fought in vain ;
 And to the *Grecians* utmost Joy,
 4 Remov'd the Wooden Shrine from *Troy* ;
 Which made their Walls on Ground to welter,
 And Turrets tumble Helter-Skelter.

-
- 1 ——— Nec non in corpore nostro
 Pectora sunt potiora manu: vigor omnis in illis,
 2 At vos, ô proceres, vigili date præmia vestro,
 Prôque tot armorum curis, quos anxius egi.
 3 Jam labor in fine est ; obstantia fata removi ;
 Altâque, posse capi faciendo, Pergama cepi.
 4 ——— Casurâque mœnia Trojæ,
 Pérque deos oro, quos hosti nuper ademi

46 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

1 Now if there's any Thing remaining,
That for my Country may be gaining,
If either Strength, or Wit, will do't,
You may be sure I'll bring 't about.

2 Therefore I shall not be in Fault,
If *Troy's* not Plow'd, nor Sow'd wi' Salt,
3 But bear in Mind my last Petitions,
And Canvas 'em amongst the *Grecians*,
And if my Merits don't succeed,
Let *Trojan's* chief Defender Plead.

4 So turning up his rusty Plad,
He shew'd their Tutelary God.
Thus did he finish his Orisons,
Which by the by, (good Folks) were Wise ones ;
5 And *Grecians* mov'd with inward Pity,
On hearing such a dismal Ditty,
6 Rejecting all their former Guests,
Granted the cunning Rogues Requests,

7 So an unwearied plodding Brain,
May every difficulty gain.

- 1 Per, si quid superest, quod sit sapienter agendum,
Si quid adhuc audax, ex præcipitique petendum est ;
2 Si *Trojæ* fatis aliquid restare putatis,
3 Este mei memores ; aut, si mihi non datis arma,
Huic date. ———
4 ——— Et ostendit signum fatale Minervæ.
5 Mota manus procerum est : ———
6 ——— Fortisque viri tulit arma disertus.
7 ——— Et quid facundia possit,
Tum patuit, ———

1 Then

1 Then he who had suffer'd *Hector's* Ire,
Dangers from *Jove*, from Sword and Fire;
The shock of Blows, and skill o'th' Archer;
By rage became as mad as March-hare.
Whole Droves of Goates, and Sheep and Oxen,
And other Animals he knocks down,
Supposing them the *Grecian* Squadrons,
By Beards, and Horns, and Shaggy Aprons.

Then grasp'd he close *Toledo* trusty,
(Which want of use had render'd rusty)
But all his pulling for his Heart,
Could not make Sword and Scabbard Part;
So throwing Cap and Cloak at distance,
And whatsoever made Resistance,
To th' Boats with might and main he hies
2 And there a lovely Halter spies,
Then walking says in surly manner,
3 I'll now lye down in Bed of Honour:
4 For ne'er a lousie simple Fellow-Man,
Shall curry the brave Son of *Telamon*:
5 This done, o're Branch of Oak, he throws
The end of Suffocating Noose,
And (on a Buffet-Stool ascended,)
Says now my Sorrows will be ended;

1 *Hectora qui solus qui ferrum. ignemque, Jovemque*
Sustinuit toties, unam non sustinet iram:

2 ——— Aripit ensen;

3 ——— Domini nunc cæde madebit:

4 Ne quisquam Ajacem possit superare, nisi Ajax.

5 Dixit, & in pectus tum demum vulnera passum,
Quà potuit ferro, lethalem condidit ensen.

48 *The Speeches of AJAX and ULYSSES.*

Thou lovely Curer of my Grief,
That bring'st such quick and sure Relief,
Thou shalt embrace my brawny Collar,
A Death most glorious for a Souldier;
And thus I'll end my woeful Days,
Without a stave of Hopkins Lays.
Then down went Cricket, off went he,
And Danc'd it round most gallantly,
His Grinders clos'd, and Eyeballs star'd,
And full as fierce as Lightning Glar'd.

1 But tho' his Countenance was so stern,
Yet from the Regions of his Postern,
Drop'd something Saffron-Dye excelling,
Yet sweet as Musk, or Civet, Smelling.
This with a warm and pleasant Shower,
2 From that same Turf produc'd a Flower,
3 In whose thick Leaves (by common Fame)
Appears the stout Commanders Name.

1 Expulit ipse cruor : rubefactaque sanguine tellus

2 Purpureum viridi genuit de cespite florem,

3 Littera communis mediis — viró
Inscripta est foliis. —

F I N I S.



